

**Jos. Horne & Co.,**

Post Ave. and Fifth St., Pittsburg.

WEDNESDAY, June 12, 1895.

**\$30 Ladies' Suits**  
for \$10.

Too many lines, too few of some lines, and we must get space for the Wash Suits, so we round up the ends of these various lines and mark them at three even prices.

**\$5, \$8, \$10.**

Were selling right up to now at from \$10 to \$30. All nice Cloth Suits, principally in Stylish Mixtures.

Probably the biggest bargain ever offered in Ladies' Wash Suits are these:

**\$6 Sateen Suits for \$2.50.**

Made of French Sateen, blue or lavender, skirt trimmed with embroidered ruffles, and embroidery for waist circular yoke on waist. Made this season to sell for \$6, but these are to go for

**\$2.50 each.**

Good selection of Separate Skirts in Ducks and Piques.

**40c and 45c Wash Silks**  
at 25c a yard

Went out on the jump yesterday. Still good selection for to-day. They are the best quality Corded Kaiki Wash Silks, not the sleazy, stringy kinds, but the grade that always sells for 40c and 45c. Of course they'll sell fast at 25c a yard. Many other Silk bargains here to-day:

500 yards high class French Taffeta Silks, newest designs, reduced from \$2.50 and \$3 to

**\$1.50 a yard.**

350 yards Printed Crepes and Persian Gauze Silks at just half price.

**75c a yard.**

**Jos. Horne & Co.,**

PITTSBURG, PA.

QUEENSWARE.

**SPECIAL SALE**

—OF—

**Dinner Sets.**

112 pieces at \$9.00, worth \$12.00.  
100 pieces at 10.50, worth 14.50.  
112 pieces at 12.00, worth 16.50.

—ALSO A FEW—

**Chamber Sets**

Which will be sold at very low prices.

—SPECIAL PRICES ON—

**Fancy Ornaments.**

**JOHN FRIEDEL & CO.,**

1119 Main Street.

STATIONERY, BOOKS, ETC.

**HAMMOCKS.**

All Styles and Kinds From  
**75c to \$3.**

The Largest Stock of  
Hammocks in  
the City.

**CARLE BROS.,**

1255 Market Street.

**When You Go**

On Your Vacation Let us Supply  
Your Needs.

Writing Paper by the pound, box or tablet; Pocket Ink Stands or Fountain Pens; Bright Summer Novels, paper or cloth, from 10c up.

Send for copy of "Summer Reading" our Catalogue of New Books, No. 100.

**STANTON'S BOOKSTORE.**

THE PITTSBURGH

COMMERCIAL GAZETTE, 6 cents per week.  
THE PITTSBURGH TIMES, 6 cents per week.  
Kings and Western dailies.  
Weekly papers, Fashion and Literary Magazines, Illustrated Supplements.

BOOKS, STATIONERY, GOSPEL HYMNS,  
**C. H. QUIMBY,**

1115 Market Street.

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**REAL ESTATE**

**TITLE - INSURANCE.**

If you purchase or make a loan on real estate have the title insured by this

**Wheeling Title and Trust Co.,**

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**INTELLIGENCER'S JOB OFFICE—**  
NEW TYPE, SKILLED WORKMEN, HONEST  
COURT AND TASTY WORK. Send for prices.  
INTELLIGENCER.  
Stand 27 Fourteenth Street.

# THE EXPLOITS OF BRIGADIER GERARD BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

(Copyright, 1895)

CHAPTER IV.

I put on my military overcoat, as I did not know how much of the night I might have to spend in the woods, and I fastened my sword on inside of it. I put off my hussar boots also, and wore a pair of shoes and gaiters, so that I might be lighter upon my feet. Then I stole out of my quarters and made for the forest, feeling very much easier in my mind, for I am always at my best when the time of thought has passed and the moment for action arrived.

I passed the barracks of the Chasseurs of the guards, and the line of cafes all filled with uniforms. I caught a glimpse as I went by of the blue and gold of some of my comrades and the green of dark infantry coats and the light green of the guides. There they sat, sipping their wine and smoking their cigars, little dreaming what their comrades had on hand. One of them, the chief of my squadron, caught sight of me in the lamplight, and came shouting after me into the street. I hurried on, however, pretending not to hear him; so he, with a curse at my deafness, went back at last to his wine bottle.

It is not very hard to get into the forest at Fontainebleau. The scattered trees steal their way into the very streets like the trailblazers in front of a column. I turned into a path which led into the edge of the woods and then I pushed rapidly forward toward the old fir tree. It was a place, which, as I have hinted, I had my own reasons for knowing well, and I could only think the fates that it was not one of the nights upon which Legnie would be



I SAW THAT I WAS NOT THE FIRST TO ARRIVE.

waiting for me. The poor child would have died at terror at the sight of the emperor. He might have been too harsh with her, and worse still, he might have been too kind. There was a half moon shining, and as I came up to our resting place I saw that I was not the first to arrive. The emperor was passing up and down, his hands behind him and his face sunk somewhat forward upon his breast. He wore a gray great coat, with a capote over his head. I had seen him in such a dress in our winter campaign in Poland, and it was said he used it because the head was such an excellent disguise. He was always fond, whether in the camp or in Paris, of walking round at night and overhearing the talk in the cabinets or round the fires. His figure, however, and his way of carrying his head were so well known that he was always recognized, and then the talkers would just say whatever they thought would please him best.

I was afraid that he would be angry with me for having kept him waiting. But as I approached him we heard the big church clock of Fontainebleau clang out the hour of 10. It was evident, therefore, that it was he who was so soon, and not I too late. I remembered his injunction that I should make no remark, so I contented myself with halting within four paces of him, clicking my spurs together, grounding my sabre and saluting. He glanced at me, and then without a word he turned and walked slowly through the forest, I always keeping about the same distance behind him. Once or twice he seemed to me to look apprehensively to right and to left, as if he feared that some one was observing us. I looked also, but, although I have the keenest sight, it was quite impossible to see anything except the ragged patches of moonshine between the great black shadows of the trees. My ears are as quick as my eyes, and once or twice I thought that I heard a twig crack, but you know how many sounds there are in a forest at night, and how difficult it is to even say what direction they come from.

We walked for rather more than a mile, and I knew exactly what our destination was long before we got there. In the centre of one of the glades there



was scattered a group of what must at some time have been a magnificent tree. It is called the Abbot's Beech, and there are so many ghostly stories about it that I know many a brave soldier who would not care about mounting a sentry post over it. However, I cared as little for such folk as the emperor did, so we crossed the glade and made straight for the old broken trunk. As we approached, I saw that two men were waiting for us beneath it.

When I first caught sight of them they were standing rather behind it, as if they were not anxious to be seen, but as we came nearer they emerged from its shadow and walked forward to meet us. The emperor glanced at me, and I clenched his pace a little, so that I came within arms length of him. You may think that I had my left well to the front, and that I had a very good look at these two people who were ap-

proaching us. The one was tall, remarkably so, and of a very spare frame, while the other was rather below the usual height, and had a brick, determined way of walking. They each wore black cloaks, which were swung right across their figures, and hung down upon one side like the mantles of Murat's dragons. They had flat, black caps, like those I have seen since in Spain, which threw their faces into darkness, though I could see the gleam of their eyes from beneath them. With the moon behind them and their long, black shadows walking in front, they were such figures as one might expect to meet at night near the Abbot's Beech. I can remember that they had a stealthy way of moving, and as they approached the moonshine formed two white diamonds between their legs and the legs of their shadows.

The emperor had paused and these two strangers came to a stand also within a few paces of us. I had drawn up close to my companion's elbow, so that the four of us were facing each other without a word spoken. My eyes were particularly fixed upon the taller one, because he was slightly the nearer to me, and I became certain as I watched him that he was in the last state of nervousness. His lean figure was quivering all over, and I heard a quick, thin panting like that of a tired dog. Suddenly, one of them gave a short hissing signal. The tall man bent his back and his knees like a diver about to spring, but before he could move I had jumped with drawn sabre in front of him. At the same instant the smaller man bounded past me, and buried a long point in the emperor's heart.

My God, the horror of that moment! It is a marvel that I did not drop dead myself. As in a dream I saw the gray coat whirling convulsively round and caught a glimpse in the moonlight of three inches of red point which jutted out from between the shoulders. Then down he fell with a dead man's gasp upon the grass, and the assassin, leaving his weapon buried in his victim, threw up both his hands and shrieked with joy. But I—I drove my sword through his midrib with such frantic force that the mere blow of the hilt against the end of his breastbone sent him six paces before he fell, and left my reeking blade ready for the other. I sprang upon him with such a lust for blood upon me as I had never felt, and never have felt in all my days. As I turned a dagger flashed before my eyes, and I felt the cold wind of it pass my neck and the villain's wrist far upon my shoulder. I shortened my sword, but he winced away from me, and an instant afterward was in full flight, bounding like a deer across the glade in the moonlight.

But he was not to escape me thus. I knew that the murderer's point had done its work. Young as I was I had seen enough of war to know a mortal blow. I passed but for an instant to touch the cold hand. "Sire!" "Sire!" I cried in an agony, and then, as no sound came back, and nothing moved save an ever widening dark circle in the moonlight, I knew that all was, indeed, over. I sprang madly to my feet, threw off my great coat and ran at the top of my speed after the remaining assassin.

Oh, how I blessed the wisdom which had caused me to come in shoes and gaiters. And the happy thought which had thrown off my coat. He could not get rid of his mantle, this wretch, or else he was too frightened to think of it. So it was that I gained upon him from the beginning. He must have been out of his wits, for he never tried to bury himself in the darker parts of the woods, but he flew on from glade to glade until he came to the hilly land which leads up to the great Fontainebleau quarry. Thus I had him in full sight, and knew that he could not escape me. He ran well, it is true—ran as a coward runs when his life is the stake. But I ran as Destiny runs when it sets behind a man's heels. Yard by yard I drew in upon him. He was rolling and staggering. I could hear the rasping and crackling of his breath. The great gulf of the quarry suddenly yawned in front of his path, and, clanking at me over his shoulders, he gave a shriek of despair. The next instant he had vanished from my sight.

Vanished utterly, you understand. I rushed to the spot and gazed down into the black abyss. Had he hurled himself over? I had about made up my mind that he had done so, when a gentle sound rising and falling came out of the darkness beneath me. It was his breathing once more, and it showed me where he must be. He was hiding in the toolhouse.

At the edge of the quarry and beneath the summit there is a small platform, upon which stands a wooden hut for the use of the laborers. It was into this, then, that he had darted. Perhaps he had thought, the fool, that in the darkness I would not venture to follow him. He little knew Effienne Gerard. With a spring I was on the platform, with another I was through the doorway, and then hearing him in the corner, I hurled myself down upon the top of him.

He fought like a wildcat, but he never had a chance with his shorter weapon. I think I must have transfixed him with that first mail lunge, for though he struck and struck his blows had no power in them, and presently his dagger tinkled down upon the floor. When I was sure that he was dead I rose up, and passed out into the moonlight. I climbed up onto the heath again, and wandered across it as nearly out of my mind as a man could be. With the blood singing in my ears and my naked sword still clutched in my

**BEFORE** I could get relief from a most horrible blood disease I had spent hundreds of dollars trying various remedies and physicians, none of which did me any good. My finger nails came off and my hair came out, leaving me perfectly bald. I then went to

**HOT SPRINGS**

Hoping to be cured by this celebrated treatment, but very soon became disgusted and decided to try S.S.S. The effect was truly wonderful. I commenced to recover at once, and after I had taken twelve bottles I was entirely cured—cured by S.S.S. when the world-renowned Hot Springs failed.

Wm. S. Loomis, S.S.S. Sheverson, La.

and I walked aimlessly on, until, looking round me, I found that I had come as far as the glade of the Abbot's Beech, and saw in the distance the gaunt stump which must ever be associated with the most terrible moment of my life. I sat down upon a fallen trunk with my sword across my knees, and my head between what had happened, and what would happen in the future. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

**A PREACHER'S SIGHT RESTORED.**  
Thrilling Incident During a Street Meeting in Illinois.

Metropolis (Ill.) Telegram to the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The members of the United Brethren church, of East Metropolis, firmly believe that they have witnessed the direct manifestation of divine power in the sudden recovery of sight by their "blind boy preacher" Sunday night, and they have for the two days since devoted themselves almost wholly to thanksgiving and singing hallohalahs.

Joseph Benton was born in this county twenty years ago. Nine days after birth his eyes became inflamed, and when the fever had left them, three months later, the sight was entirely gone. His parents were poor, and, although a local oculist did what he could to restore the sight, the case was pronounced incurable. No treatment had been given for the last twelve years.

The child loved to listen to the reading of the Bible and history, and his wonderful memory enabled him to retain all that was read to him. He joined the Methodist Church South at the age of eight, and began preaching at the age of seventeen. Last November he attached himself to the United Brethren denomination. He has preached throughout this end of the state, Eastern Missouri, Western Tennessee, and Southwestern Kentucky with phenomenal success, having had no less than 200 converts since last August.

Sunday night the blind preacher stood upon the steps of a vacant storehouse, addressing a congregation in the street. His face was turned toward heaven. He told his hearers that they could look up and see the beautiful moon and twinkling stars, while he was groping in darkness, but that he prayed always that the sight be given him.

As the preacher finished that sentence, he stopped, raised his hands across his forehead, and, pointing to the moon, asked what that great something was. He was told that it was the moon. Other strange things fell upon his vision, and with great shouts of hallohalahs he declared that his prayers had been answered; that he could see.

The congregation took up the cry, and such rejoicing was never known here before.

The Rev. Mr. Benton walked home without assistance, and there was no sleeping for him that night. His sight has steadily grown stronger, and his joy has no bounds. He says that he will have to learn as a babe the names of all the strange objects he sees. One of the greatest sensations he experienced was the sight of himself reflected from a mirror. Mr. Benton is positive that the gift of sight is a direct answer to his prayers. Tuesday he attended a quarterly meeting in an adjoining county.

**MELONS AND PEACHES**

From the South—A Railway Estimate of This Season's Probable Shipments.

Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

The Georgia Southern and Florida railway has issued a circular giving the names, addresses, shipping points, and number of acres of melons and cantaloupes, and estimated number of crates of peaches and pears and other fruits grown along the line of that road from Macon south to Palatka, a distance of 285 miles.

There are along the line of the road and tributary to it about 225 fruit growers. The total acreage in melons for 1895 is estimated at 2,972, the smallest acreage in six years. The acreage in 1894 was 3,108; in 1893 it was 4,522; in 1892, 3,034; in 1891, which was the big year, 7,335, and in 1890, 3,037. The acreage this year is 1,000 acres below the average.

The acreage of cantaloupes for 1895 is estimated at 17. The peach crop is estimated at 93,477 crates, and the pear crop at 25,569 crates. The largest average of melons of any one grower is 125 acres, by R. H. Sutton, of Sycamore, Ga.; H. N. Fagan, of Toberofee, and S. P. Jones, of Cordele, have 100 acres each. Tifton is the greatest peach-growing section on the line of the road south of the Perry and Macon territory. The product of Tifton is estimated at 15,599 crates. Tift and Snow are the largest producers. Their crop is estimated at 10,000 crates of peaches and 2,500 crates of pears. The Cyclotron farm, at Cyclotron, expects to market 5,000 crates of peaches and about 60,000 pounds of grapes. E. H. Tift and H. H. and W. O. Tift are great grape growers. They estimate their yield at 100,000 pounds. The Elberta Orchard Company, of Elberta, near Macon, is of course the big peach farm. The crop is estimated at 49,000 crates. T. N. Bohner and F. H. Bland, of Cordele, will have about 1,500 crates each.

Around Adal, Cecil and Valdosta, Ga., and Hampton, Fla., are the principal pear sections. Valdosta will market about 14,000 crates, and the Adal and Cecil sections about 7,000 crates. Hampton will market about 900 crates.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from ten drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer \$100 for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists, 75 cents.

What a minister says: Rev. R. N. Payne, New Haven, Conn., writes: "Please add my name to the long list of friends to your excellent Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I have used it in my family for several cases of skin eruptions and sores proved it a perfect healer." Never fails to cure piles. Logan Drug Co., Wheeling, W. Va.; R. F. Peabody, Benwood, and Howie & Co., Bridgeport, O.

"Many of the citizens of Rainville, Indiana, are never without a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in the home," says Jacob Brown, the leading merchant of the place. This remedy has proven of so much value for colds, croup and whooping cough in children that few mothers who know its worth are willing to be without it.



**KNOWLEDGE**

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

**MISCELLANEOUS**

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**SNOW STEAM PUMPS**

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The HUBBER CALORIFIC NATURAL GAS BURNER is the only burner on the market that is guaranteed to give satisfaction. It is guaranteed in accordance with the following conditions: That it shall be guaranteed to give satisfaction for a period of one year.

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**CAPITAL \$200,000, PAID IN.**

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**DIRECTORS:** Joseph P. Bann, Henry H. Bann, Joseph Bann, John Bann, Gibson Lamb.

Interest paid on special deposits. Loans made on English, Ireland and Scotland.

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Drafts issued on England, Ireland, Scotland and all points in Europe.

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**\$16.00**